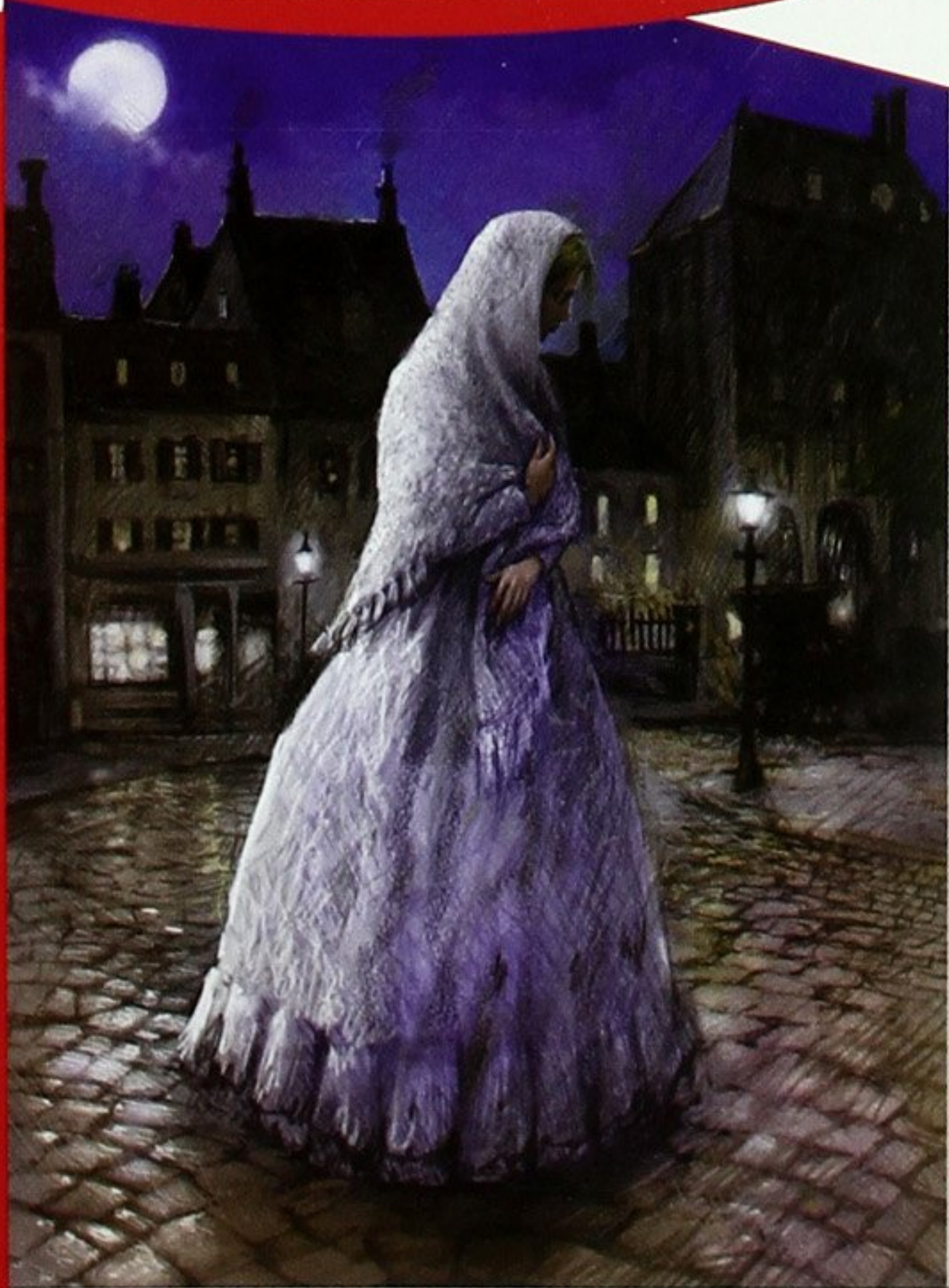


# The Woman in White



*by Wilkie Collins*





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Retold by Julie Hart



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### INTRODUCCIÓN

Wilkie Collins (1824-1889), uno de los escritores más aclamados de su época, nació en Londres, donde estudió derecho. Aunque nunca ejerció la abogacía por dedicarse a la literatura, su conocimiento de los tribunales contribuyó a dar forma a sus novelas.

*La dama de blanco* (1860) fue la cuarta y más famosa que escribió. Está narrada por varios testigos que dan su propia visión de los hechos, de la misma forma que se desarrolla un juicio.

Walter Hartright, un profesor de arte, está enamorado de su bella alumna Laura Fairlie, prometida a un baronet. Éste y su siniestro amigo el conde Fosco trazan un maléfico plan para adueñarse de la fortuna de la joven. Éste impresionante relato está basado en una historia real y terrible que ocurrió a fines del siglo XVIII.

### INTRODUCCIÓ

Wilkie Collins (1824-1889), un dels escriptors més aclamats de la seva època, va néixer a Londres on va estudiar dret. Tot i que mai va exercir l'advocacia per dedicar-se a la literatura, a el seu coneixement dels tribunals va contribuir a donar forma les seves novel·les.

*La dama de blanc* (1860) va ser la quarta i més famosa que va escriure. Està narrada per diversos testimonis que donen la seva pròpia visió dels fets, de la mateixa manera que es desenvolupa un judici.

Walter Hartright, un professor d'art, està enamorat de la seva bella alumna Laura Fairlie, promesa amb un baronet. Aquest i el seu sinistre amic el comte Fosco elaboren un malèfic pla per apoderar-se de la fortuna de la jove. Aquest impressionant relat està basat en una història real que va esdevenir a finals del segle XVIII.

## INTRODUCTION

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### SARRERA

Wilkie Collins (1824-1889), bere garaiko idazlerik goraipatuenetakoa, Londresen jaio zen, eta han zuzenbidea ikasi zuen. Inoiz abokatutzan jardue ez bazuen ere, literaturari lotu baitzitzaion, auzitegiez zuen ezaguerak lagundu egin zion bere eleberriei forma ematen.

*Zurizko Emakumea* (1860) izan zen idatzi zituenetatik laugarrena eta ospetsuena. Lau lekukok kontatua da, gertakariez nor bere ikusmoldea ematen duela, epaiketa bat gauzatzen den modu berean.

Walter Hartright, arteko irakasle bat, Laura Fairlie bere ikasle ederraz maitemindurik dago, baina neska baronet batekin ezkontzekoa da. Baronetak eta haren adiskide makur Fosco kondeak gaiztakeriazko plan bat moldatzen dute neska gaztearen dirutzaz jabetzeko. Kontakizun hunkigarri hori XVIII. mendearen hondarrean gertatu zen benetako istorio batean oinarritua da.

### LIMIAR

Wilkie Collins (1824 - 1889), un dos escritores con máis sona da súa época, naceu en Londres, onde estudou Dereito. Aínda que nunca exerceu coma avogado, por se dedicar á literatura, o seu coñecemento dos tribunais contribuiu a dar forma ás súas novelas.

*A muller de branco* (1860) foi a cuarta e a máis afamada que escribiu. Está narrada por varias testemuñas que dan a súa propia visión dos feitos, do mesmo xeito que se desenvolve un xuízo.

Walter Hartright, un profesor de arte, está namorado da súa fermosa alumna Laura Fairlie, prometida a un baronet. Este e máis o seu sinistro amigo o conde Fosco trazan un maléfico plano para apropiarse da fortuna da rapaza. Este impresionante relato está baseado nunha historia real e terrible que aconteceu a finais do século XVIII.

## THE WOMAN IN WHITE

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*Walter Hartright*



*Laura Fairlie*



*Marian Halcombe*



*Mr Gilmore*



*Frederick Fairlie*



*Professor Pesca*



*Mrs Wesley*



## THE CHARACTERS

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*Anne Catherick*



*Sir Percival Glyde*



*Count Fosco*



*Countess Fosco*



*Mrs Catherick*



*Eliza Michelson*



*Hester Pinhorn*

# The Woman in White

## CHAPTER 1

## A MYSTERIOUS MEETING

*This story will be told by more than one witness, to present the truth and to uncover a crime against an innocent woman. Walter Hartright begins the story.*

The time has come for me to tell the mysterious story that was to change my life forever. My name is Walter Hartright and I'm a 28-year-old art teacher. My story begins on the last day of July in 1849. I'd gone to visit my mother and when I rang the doorbell, my Italian friend, Professor Pesca, opened the door.

Pesca teaches languages. For many years, he taught in Italy, but he had to leave the country for political reasons and he has always **refused** to tell anyone what those reasons were. Pesca considers himself **in debt to** me because I once saved his life. He swore that he would find a way to repay me, so he always helps me any way he can. My mother, who has become **fond of** Pesca, often invites him to visit her.

Pesca was very excited. He showed me a letter from the head of a wealthy family in Cumberland, in the north of England.

"I teach languages at the home of a family in London," he said. "The owner of the house asked me to find an art teacher for a friend who lives in Cumberland. He gave me this letter from his friend. I thought of you, Walter. You're the best art teacher in the world!"

I read the letter.

*My dear friend,*

*I am looking for an art teacher for my two nieces. Can you recommend someone to me? The teacher can live here at Limmeridge House and I will pay him well.*

*Yours faithfully,*

*Frederick Fairlie*

I wasn't sure what to do. I didn't want to move to the north of England, but I needed the money. "I'll think about it," I said.

"What do you mean, think about it?" exclaimed my mother. "This is a wonderful opportunity!"

"The country air will be good for your health," said Pesca.

"Very well," I said. "I'll accept the job."

Five days later I returned to my mother's house to say goodbye. I stayed for a long time and I didn't leave the house until almost midnight. On the way home I walked slowly, admiring the full moon in the dark blue sky. Suddenly, a hand touched my shoulder from behind me.

I turned round, **startled**. A woman stood next to me. She was dressed in white from head to foot.

"Is this the way to Regent's Park?" she asked.

The woman was slim and had fair hair. I looked at her nervous young face and I thought it strange that she was out alone so late at night.

"Yes," I replied. "This is the way to Regent's Park."

The woman looked around, nervously. "Can I trust you?" she said. "I need help. I'm looking for a friend's house and I'm not sure how to find the way."

"I'll help you find a **cab**," I said.

We walked together in the direction of Regent's Park.

"Do you know any men who have the title of Baronet?" the strange woman suddenly asked.

"Some," I said and told her the names of three Baronets I knew.



*"Don't ask me. Don't make me talk about it."*

"Ah! You don't know the Baronet that I know," she said.

"Who is this Baronet?" I asked.

"Don't ask me," replied the woman, very upset. "Don't make me talk about it."

"Do you live in London?" asked the woman, as we walked on quickly.

"Yes, but I'm leaving for Cumberland tomorrow," I answered.

The woman smiled. "Cumberland!" she exclaimed. "I went

to school there, when I was a young girl. I knew Mrs Fairlie at Limmeridge House and I liked her very much."

I stopped suddenly. I was going to work for the Fairlie family in Limmeridge House.

"Do you know the people who live in Limmeridge House now?" I asked.

"No, I don't," she replied. "Mrs Fairlie and her husband, Philip Fairlie, are dead now."

I saw a cab and stopped it. The woman in white got into the cab and **reached out** to take my hand. "I'm safe now," she said. "Thank you." She **leaned forward**, spoke quietly to the driver and the cab drove away.

As I walked on, I noticed a policeman walking on the opposite side of the road. Just then a carriage stopped next to him and the two men inside started to have a conversation with him. I was very surprised by what I heard.

"Have you seen a woman in white clothes pass this way?" one of the men asked the policeman.

"No, I haven't seen her, Sir," answered the policeman.

"If you see her, stop her and take her to this address," the man said. He gave the policeman a piece of paper. "She has escaped from an asylum. Don't forget: a woman in white."

The carriage drove away.

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## CHAPTER 2

## LIMMERIDGE HOUSE

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*Walter Hartright continues the story.*

That night, I lay awake thinking about the woman in white. Had I helped a dangerous woman escape? She didn't seem dangerous. Perhaps the poor woman wasn't really mad at all.

I left the house early in the morning to start my long journey to Cumberland and I didn't arrive at Limmeridge House until after 10 o'clock at night. A servant informed me that everyone in the house had gone to bed and took me to a big room where



my supper was on the table. I was too tired to eat much and I felt uncomfortable sitting alone at the huge table, so the servant took me to my room.

When I woke up the next morning, the servant took me to the dining room, where a young woman with dark hair was waiting for me.

"Mr Hartright?" she asked. "I'm Marian Halcombe. My sister Laura isn't coming down to breakfast, because she's got a headache, and Mr Fairlie never has meals with us. He's an invalid and stays in his room." Miss Halcombe started to tell me about her family. "My father, Mr Halcombe, died when I was very young," she said. "My mother remarried and we came to Limmeridge House to live with her new husband, Philip Fairlie. My half-sister, Laura Fairlie, was born some time later. Now my mother and Philip Fairlie are dead. Laura's uncle, Frederick Fairlie, came to live at Limmeridge House and he's taking care of us."



*I liked Miss Halcombe's friendly and open manner.*

I liked Miss Halcombe's friendly and open manner. "I hope you won't be bored here in the country," she said. "I'm sure life is much more interesting in London."

"Actually, something very interesting happened the night before I came here," I said. "I met a woman who said she knew Mrs Fairlie."

"She knew my mother!" said Miss Halcombe in surprise.

I told her about the strange woman and the two men in the carriage who were looking for her.

"Very strange!" she said. "It's a pity that you didn't find out her name."

Just then a servant came into the room. "Mr Fairlie would like to see Mr Hartright," he said.

The servant took me upstairs to a large room. Mr Fairlie was sitting in an armchair. He was about 55 years old with a thin face and pale grey eyes.

"Welcome to Limmeridge House, Mr Hartright," he said. "Do you like your room?"

"Yes, thank you, I like it very much. It's very . . ."

Mr Fairlie closed his eyes and held up his hand to stop me. "Could you speak more quietly?" he said. "I have a problem with my nerves. You can leave now, Mr Hartright. Please don't let the door bang. Good morning."

Surprised, I left the room and closed the door quietly. I met Miss Halcombe downstairs. "My sister, Laura, is feeling better now," she said. "She went into the garden, so let's go and find her."

We walked across the garden to a wooden summer house. Laura Fairlie was standing near a table with a sketchbook in her hand. She was about 20 years old and had light brown hair and large blue eyes. I thought she was beautiful.

"Welcome to Limmeridge, Mr Hartright," she said. "As you can see, I like drawing, but my drawings aren't very good."



*Laura was exactly like the woman in white!*

As I looked at Miss Fairlie, I felt that there was something familiar about her face, but I couldn't decide what it was.

"Let's go back to the house now, Mr Hartright," said Miss Halcombe. "I would like to show you something."

We went back to the house and Miss Halcombe got out some letters written by her mother.

"I decided to look through some of my mother's letters," she said. "I think I may have found out the name of the woman you met in London." She picked up one of the letters. "This letter was written eleven years ago, when I was at school in Paris. My mother was the head teacher of a school near here and she sometimes had to live at the school. She wrote this letter to her husband, Philip Fairlie. Listen to this."

Miss Halcombe read me part of the letter.

*"Old Mrs Kempe in the village shop is dying. Her sister has arrived to take care of her. Her name is Mrs Catherick. Mrs Catherick brought her daughter, Anne, to my school. Anne is a sweet little girl about one year older than our darling Laura. I have become very fond of poor little Anne Catherick, who has problems learning and needs special help. She needs new clothes so I gave her some of Laura's old white dresses. I told her how pretty she looks in white. She kissed my hand and said, 'I will always wear white as long as I live. It will help me to remember you, Mrs Fairlie.'"*

Miss Halcombe paused. "Was the woman you met in London about Laura's age and was she dressed all in white?" she asked me.

"Yes, she was," I answered.

We saw Laura Fairlie pass the window. She was wearing a white dress and shawl and I suddenly had a strange feeling.

"Listen to the last part of the letter," said Miss Halcombe.

*"There is a reason why I am so fond of little Anne Catherick. She looks exactly like our dear Laura."*

I looked through the window at Laura. It was true. She was exactly like the woman in white!

"Do you see a **resemblance**?" asked Miss Halcombe.

"Yes, I do," I said.

CHAPTER 3

THE LETTER

*Walter Hartright continues the story.*

As the weeks passed, I **realised** that I was falling in love with Laura Fairlie. When I leaned over her to look at her drawings, I wanted to touch her. I knew she had feelings for me, too. Her cheeks went red and she turned her eyes away when I looked at her. Miss Halcombe saw it too.

One morning, Miss Halcombe asked to speak to me in private. We went out to the garden.

"Mr Hartright," said Miss Halcombe. "You have become a very good friend, so I'm going to speak to you now as your friend. I know your secret, I know you're in love with my sister. I feel very sorry for you, because there's no hope for you both. You should leave Limmeridge House, Mr Hartright, because Laura is going to be married."

The last word went through me like a knife. Miss Halcombe put her hand on my arm. "Forget her," she said. "Forget her, now! You must leave soon. The man she is going to marry is coming here next Monday."

Miss Halcombe was right. I couldn't stay at Limmeridge House much longer. I had to leave soon, **for Laura Fairlie's sake** and for mine. "I'll tell Mr Fairlie that I must leave," I said. "Who is your sister going to marry?"

"She's going to marry a Baronet called Sir Percival Glyde."

A Baronet! I remembered the woman in white's anger when she talked about a Baronet she knew.

Laura Fairlie's **maid** came to speak to Miss Halcombe. She looked worried and Miss Halcombe went into the house with her. Half an hour later she came to see me with a letter in her hand.





*As the weeks passed, I realised that I was  
falling in love with Laura Fairlie.*

"My sister has received a letter which has frightened her," she said.

I read the letter. There was no name or address on it.

*Last night I dreamed about you. In my dream, I was standing in a church. A man and a woman were getting married. You were the woman and the man you were marrying was about 45 years old. He had brown eyes and a dark moustache. I looked into the heart of the man and saw that he was **wicked** and cruel. He has destroyed people's lives and he will destroy the life of the woman he marries. I woke up with my eyes full of tears because I believe in dreams. Believe in them too and find out about the man you are marrying. Look into his past. Your mother was my best friend, and I care about you, too.*

"The description of the man in the dream is an **accurate** description of Sir Percival," said Miss Halcombe. "Sir Percival is a well-known politician with a good reputation."

I looked at the last sentence of the letter.

*Your mother was my best friend.*

Could the writer be the woman in white?

"We must find the person who wrote this letter," I said. "Then we can discover **whether** there is any truth in it."

We found the servant who had brought the letter, but he didn't know much.

"An old woman brought the letter to the house," the servant said. "I don't know who she was or which way she went."

We went into the village to ask if anyone had seen the woman, but nobody was able to help us. Finally, we passed the village school and went to speak to the schoolteacher. The classroom door was open and we could hear the teacher shouting at one of the pupils. "I don't want to hear another word about ghosts!" the teacher shouted. "There are no such things as ghosts."

We went into the classroom and saw a boy crying in the corner.

"We have come at a bad time but I'm curious to know what has happened," said Miss Halcombe. "What has this boy done?"

"This wicked boy has been frightening the whole school," explained the teacher. "He **claims** that he saw a ghost."

"How extraordinary!" exclaimed Miss Halcombe. She turned to the boy. "When did you see the ghost?" she asked him.

"Yesterday evening," the boy replied.

"What was it like?"

"It was dressed all in white."

"And where was it?"

"In the **graveyard**, next to the big white cross," the boy replied.

Miss Halcombe's face turned red with anger. "The white cross is the monument on my mother's **grave**!" she said. "You stupid boy! Next you'll tell me you know whose ghost it was!"

The boy looked down nervously. "It looked like Laura Fairlie," he whispered.

Miss Halcombe was furious, but she controlled herself and thanked the teacher. I followed her out of the school.

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## CHAPTER 4

## A SECOND MEETING

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*The story is continued by Walter Hartright.*

"The boy believes he saw the ghost of a woman," I said. "The woman looked exactly like your sister and she was all in white. I don't believe he saw a ghost, I believe he saw *the woman in white*."

"Anne Catherick!" exclaimed Miss Halcombe.

"Yes, Anne Catherick. I also believe that Anne Catherick wrote the letter to Miss Fairlie. Can you take me to your mother's grave? I want to see if there's any evidence that someone was there."

Miss Halcombe took me to the graveyard and then returned to the house.

I heard someone talking. It was the voice of an old woman. "Don't worry about the letter," the voice said. "I took it to the house myself."

I **hid** behind a tree and saw two women approaching the white cross over Mrs Fairlie's grave. My heart **beat** fast as I noticed the colour of the younger woman's dress. It was white!

The older woman said something, then walked away. Now alone, the woman in white **bent over** the cross and kissed it. She took a handkerchief out of her pocket and started to clean the cross.

I approached her slowly. She looked up and saw me and I heard her **cry out in fear**.

"Don't be afraid," I said. "Don't you remember me?"

I was now standing near her and there was no doubt in my mind. She was the same woman I had met in London – Anne Catherick.

"Surely you haven't forgotten me?" I said. "I helped you



*She looked up and saw me and I heard her cry out in fear.*

find a cab in London. I'm a friend."

The woman recognised me and began to relax.

"Who was the woman you came here with?" I asked. "Is she the friend you went to in London?"

"Yes," she replied. "That's my friend, Mrs Wesley. I stayed with her until we both came here two days ago. We're staying with Mrs Wesley's relations on their farm. I came to the graveyard today to clean Mrs Fairlie's grave. Mrs Fairlie was very kind to me and I loved her very much. **I wish** that I could be **buried** here next to her when I die. How is Miss Laura Fairlie? Is she well and happy?"

"She is neither very well nor very happy this morning," I replied. "She received your letter."

Anne Catherick's face turned white. "How do you know?" she said. "Who showed it to you?"

"**It was wrong** to frighten Miss Fairlie," I said. "If you have something to tell her, you should go to the house and speak to her yourself. Miss Fairlie knows that the person you wrote about is Sir Percival Glyde."

When I mentioned Sir Percival's name, Anne Catherick cried out in fear and **hatred**. There was no doubt in my mind that Sir Percival Glyde was responsible for putting her in an asylum.

Mrs Wesley ran up to us. "Who are you?" she asked me. She put her arm around Anne Catherick and asked, "What's the matter, dear? Did this man frighten you?"

"No, everything's alright," Anne Catherick replied. "This man helped me once, he's my friend."

Mrs Wesley took Anne's arm and they walked away. I never saw the woman in white again. She left Cumberland with Mrs Wesley the next day.

When I got back to the house, I told Miss Halcombe about my meeting with Anne Catherick.

"I am very worried about my sister," she said. "Mr Gilmore,



our family **solicitor**, is coming to Limmeridge House soon. He's an old friend of the family who I know I can trust, so I will ask his advice about Laura's marriage to Sir Percival. He may be able to find out about Sir Percival's past."

Two weeks later, I was ready to leave Limmeridge House. Miss Halcombe came to say goodbye. "I will always trust you like a brother and a friend," she said, taking both my hands. "God bless you, Walter!"

When her sister had left the room, Laura Fairlie came up to me and gave me a drawing she had done of the summer house where we first met. "This is to **remind** you of your visit here," she said. Her hand trembled as she gave me the drawing and mine trembled as I took it.

"Thank you," I said. "I will treasure it forever."

Tears flowed down her cheeks. As I walked towards the door, I turned round to look at her one last time. **It was over!** Laura Fairlie was a memory of the past.

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## CHAPTER 5

## MR GILMORE'S VISIT

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*The story is continued by Vincent Gilmore, Mr Fairlie's solicitor.*

I am writing this **at the request of** Mr Walter Hartright. It is my duty to present the truth about the events that took place during and after my stay at Limmeridge House.

I arrived at Limmeridge House on Friday, the 2nd of November. Mr Fairlie had asked me to meet Sir Percival Glyde and arrange a **marriage settlement**, but when I arrived, Mr Fairlie said he wasn't well enough to see me. He is, or considers himself to be, an invalid. I saw Laura Fairlie the next day and I noticed that she wasn't looking well. Miss Halcombe showed me an anonymous letter which had been sent to Miss Fairlie. I decided to send a copy to Sir Percival, as I was sure that he would be able to explain the contents of the letter.

The following Monday, Sir Percival arrived. He was much older than Laura Fairlie, he was bald and he looked tired. I was surprised at the cold manner in which Laura Fairlie greeted him. After sitting with us for a very short time, she took the first opportunity to leave the room.

As soon as Laura Fairlie had left, Sir Percival told me about the anonymous letter.

"The letter was written by a **mentally disturbed** woman named Anne Catherick," he said. "In the past, Anne's mother, Mrs Catherick, was a great help to me and I have known her for many years. Her husband left her soon after her daughter, Anne, was born. It was soon obvious that Anne needed proper medical care and I felt an obligation to help her. When Anne was 12 years old, I decided to pay for her to be put in an asylum. Anne soon discovered this and she has hated me ever since. That is why she sent the letter to Laura. I promise I will do everything I can to find Anne Catherick and send her back to the asylum. I don't want her to frighten Laura again."

Miss Halcombe and I were both satisfied with Sir Percival's explanation.

My next duty was to talk to Laura Fairlie about her **inheritance**. I thought that she should make a **will** before she got married.

Laura Fairlie will inherit all her father's money when she is 21 years old. She has an aunt called Eleanor, her father's sister. Before her father, Philip Fairlie, died, he **argued** with Eleanor and refused to leave her any money in his will. Eleanor was very angry that her niece, Laura, would inherit everything and refused to speak to her again.

If Laura Fairlie doesn't make a will, and if she dies before her husband, Eleanor and her Italian husband, Count Fosco, will inherit all the money.

I went to Laura Fairlie's room to talk to her.

"Do we have to talk about this now?" she asked. She had a

book of drawings on her knee and her hands turned the pages nervously.

"It is important that you make a will," I said. "Because you are under 21 years of age, your uncle must **agree to** the will, but you can tell me what you want."

"Marian Halcombe has been both a mother and a sister to me," Miss Fairlie said. "I would like to leave my money to Marian in my will. And there is someone else . . ." Miss Fairlie looked down at the drawings. Then she put her hand over her face and started to cry.

"Don't cry," I said. "We needn't continue. I know enough now to write your will for you."

I felt very sorry for Laura Fairlie and I was glad that she had Miss Halcombe to take care of her.



*"Don't cry. I know enough now to write your will for you."*

I returned to London and wrote out Laura Fairlie's will, leaving all her money to Marian Halcombe, as Laura had requested. I sent a copy of the will to Laura Fairlie's uncle, Frederick Fairlie. Sir Percival also asked to see the will and he was very angry when he read it. He wrote to me, insisting that the will be changed so that he and Laura's aunt, Eleanor, would inherit all Laura Fairlie's money. I was very upset and worried about this matter and went immediately to speak to Frederick Fairlie.

"I am a sick man," said Mr Fairlie. "Please don't worry me about such an unimportant matter. Laura isn't **likely to die** before a man who is 25 years older than her. Agree to Sir Percival's request and change the will as he wishes."

I was very angry. I couldn't believe how little Frederick Fairlie cared about his niece. I was very **concerned** about Laura Fairlie's marriage to Sir Percival, a man who had no respect for the wishes of his future wife. However, there was nothing I could do to help Laura Fairlie. I had no choice – I had to change the will according to Sir Percival's wishes.

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## CHAPTER 6

## THE WEDDING

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*The story is continued by Marian Halcombe in extracts from her diary.*

*Limmeridge House. November 8th, 1849*

This morning, Mr Gilmore left Limmeridge House. Laura hasn't left her room since her meeting with him. When I went in to see her, she had some drawings in her hand that Walter Hartright had done, and she was walking up and down impatiently. "I love another man," she said unhappily, "but I must marry Sir Percival. It was my father's last wish before he died." She put Walter's drawings in a drawer. "The happy days of my youth are over."

Poor, dear Laura! I put my arms around her and tried not to cry.

*November 9th, 1849*

I received a letter from Walter Hartright. He told me that he was very depressed and would like to spend some time out of the country to try to recover. He said that he would soon be travelling to Central America, where he would work on excavations in the ruined cities. I was worried about Walter, but I agreed that a change of surroundings would do him good.

*November 27th, 1849*

The marriage is taking place on the 22nd of December. After the wedding, Sir Percival Glyde and Laura are going to travel to Europe. They are going to visit friends of Sir Percival's, including Count Fosco and his wife, Eleanor – Laura's aunt. Sir Percival met Count Fosco and his wife many years ago in Rome and they have been good friends ever since. The Count and Countess are going to return with Sir Percival and Laura to England. I was very surprised to learn that Eleanor Fosco had agreed to stay with Laura. Perhaps she **has forgiven** her niece.

Sir Percival agreed that I may continue to live with Laura in his home after the marriage takes place. I thanked him for his kindness. I hope he will be good to Laura. If he ever **harms** her . . . !

*December 22nd, 1849*

*10 o'clock:* Laura is dressed. I've got a very bad feeling about this marriage. **If only I could** do something to stop it!

*11 o'clock:* It's over. They are married. Laura is now Lady Glyde.

*3 o'clock:* They've gone! I'm **blind with crying** – I can't write any more.

*May 30th, 1850*

Laura has been away for more than five months. She is



coming back in two weeks. I can **hardly** wait! I am now living at Sir Percival's home at Blackwater Park in the south of England. The house is very old and is surrounded by trees. There is a lake in the grounds. When I arrived, the housekeeper took me to my room, which is small but comfortable.

After he landed in Honduras, Walter Hartright wrote me a letter, in which he sounded more cheerful. Nobody has seen or heard anything of Anne Catherick, and even Sir Percival's solicitor was unable to find her.

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## CHAPTER 7

## THE DOCUMENT

*Marian Halcombe continues the story.*

*June 15th, 1850*

Laura returned two days ago. She has changed and is no longer the happy, innocent girl that I knew. She won't talk about her husband and when I asked her questions, she stopped me.

"I don't want to talk about my marriage," she said. "I want to be happy, now that I'm back with you." She was silent for a moment and then she asked, "Have you heard from Mr Hartright? Is he well and happy? Has he forgotten me?"

I didn't want to worry or upset her. "I haven't heard from him recently," I replied.

Sir Percival has a **short temper** and my presence seems to **annoy** him. Count and Countess Fosco are his guests. Eleanor Fosco is always quiet and polite, but occasionally, I see a sudden change in her expression which makes me think that there is something dangerous about her.

The Count is tall and extremely fat. He wears expensive clothes, speaks English well and talks very little about his past, but I know that he has not returned to Italy for many years. He's a **charming** but very strange man and I can't decide whether I like him or whether I'm afraid of him.

*June 16th, 1850*

Sir Percival's solicitor arrived to speak to him. As I passed the library to go out for a walk, I heard the solicitor's voice.

"You must ask Lady Glyde to pay the bills," I heard him say. Hearing Laura's name made me very curious, so I listened outside the door.

"The bills must be paid, Sir Percival," continued the solicitor. "Lady Glyde must sign her name in the presence of a witness. If she does, your problems will be over. If she doesn't . . ."

"Lady Glyde *will* sign!" shouted Sir Percival. "She *will*!"

I went straight to Laura's room to tell her what I had heard.

"Don't sign anything without reading it first," I **warned** her.

"Our lives will be easier if I do what my husband wants," she said. "However, I will read the document first."

*June 17th, 1850*

After breakfast, Sir Percival asked Laura, Count Fosco and myself to go into the library. "I need Laura to sign a document, and there must be two witnesses," he said. "I would like you, Miss Halcombe, to be a witness." A document lay closed on the table. He opened a small part of it, covered the rest of the document with his hand and gave Laura a pen. "Sign your name here," he said.

"What is the document about?" Laura asked.

"I haven't got time to explain," he said.

"Then let me read it," Laura insisted. "I should know what I'm signing."

"Nonsense!" Sir Percival shouted. "What do women know about such things?"

"Excuse me, Sir Percival," I said. "I can't witness Laura's signature unless she first understands what she's signing."

"Is that the way you thank me for my hospitality?" he shouted at me. He turned to Laura. "Sign the document!" he shouted furiously.



*"Sign the document!" he shouted furiously.*

Laura threw down the pen and stood up. "I refuse to sign the document until I have read all of it!" she said.

She took the document and walked out. Sir Percival started to follow her, but Count Fosco took his arm. "Let her go," he said.

I decided to ask our solicitor, Mr Gilmore, for advice and I wrote a letter explaining the situation. As I needed a reply urgently, I asked Mr Gilmore to send his reply with a special messenger the next afternoon. I posted the letter, together with the document from Sir Percival.

Laura and I put on our coats and went out, walking in the direction of the lake.

"You're lucky that you have no money, Marian," Laura said sadly. "My husband only married me for my money. He doesn't love me."

I knew that she was right and I put my arm round her to console her.

We reached the lake and went into the boat house to sit down and rest. Laura saw something move outside. "Marian," she said. "Did you see that?"

I looked out. In the distance I saw someone standing in a field, watching us.

"Is it a man or a woman?" whispered Laura.

I couldn't tell as we were too far away. We went quickly back to the house.

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## CHAPTER 8

## A STRANGE MEETING

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*Marian Halcombe continues the story.*

*June 18th, 1850*

Laura had lost a brooch when we were walking at the lake, so this afternoon she went back to look for it.

I went out to wait for the messenger bringing Mr Gilmore's reply. At 4 o'clock a carriage approached and the driver gave me

a letter from Mr Gilmore. I opened it immediately.

*Dear Madam,*

*Sir Percival owes a lot of money and is applying for a loan of 20,000 pounds. If Lady Glyde signs the document, the loan will be paid back out of her money. I advise Lady Glyde not to sign the document. Let me know if you need any more help.*

*Yours sincerely,*

*Vincent Gilmore*

When I got back to the house, Laura had returned from her walk. She looked upset.

"I know who was at the lake yesterday," she whispered. "It was Anne Catherick." She pointed to the brooch on her dress. "She found my brooch. When I went back to the boat house to look for it, I heard a voice say, 'Miss Fairlie'. A woman in a white dress was standing near the boat house and gave me the brooch that was in her hand. Her face was pale and thin and she looked ill. I was **amazed at** how much she looked like me. It was like looking at myself in the mirror after a long illness.



*She was standing near the boat house and gave me the brooch.*

" 'I have been waiting for days to speak to you alone,' the woman said. 'I was here yesterday. When you passed near me on your way to the boat house, I hid and I heard you talking about your husband. I'm sorry that I didn't stop you from marrying that wicked man.' She covered her face with her shawl and said. 'I'm afraid of him. He locked me up in an asylum.'"

" 'Try to be calm,' I said to her.

" 'I had to talk to you now, Lady Glyde, because I'm dying. You must know your husband's secret. If you know his secret, he will be afraid of *you*. My mother told me the secret many years ago.'

"Suddenly Anne turned round and listened. 'There's someone outside!' she whispered. 'Come here tomorrow at the same time.' She left the boat house and ran down the path."

Laura was silent for a moment. Then she asked, "What must I do, Marian?"

"You must meet her again tomorrow," I said. "We must find out Sir Percival's secret."

*June 19th, 1850*

After lunch, Laura returned to the boat house to meet Anne Catherick. After a while I went to look for her, but she wasn't there. When I returned to the house, a servant told me that Sir Percival had arrived with Laura a few minutes earlier. Laura had gone to her room crying. I went up to see her but a servant opened Laura's door. "Sir Percival won't let anyone come in," she said. "You must go."

I was furious and went to look for Sir Percival. He was in the living room with Count Fosco and the Countess.

"You can't keep your wife a prisoner!" I said to Sir Percival.

"Oh yes, I *can*, and be careful I don't make *you* a prisoner too!" he replied.

Countess Fosco stood up. "I will not stay in a house where ladies are treated this way!" she exclaimed.

Fosco went up to her and took her arm. "I agree with you,

Eleanor," he said.

Sir Percival looked angrily at Fosco and walked out of the room. Fosco followed him. I heard them talking and a few minutes later, Fosco returned to tell me that I could see Laura.

I ran up to Laura's room. She was sitting with her face in her hands. "Dear Laura," I said. "Tell me what happened."

Her hands shook with anger. "I found a letter from Anne Catherick in the boat house," she said. "Sir Percival took the letter from me. He knew about my meeting with Anne, so he followed me to the boat house and saw me reading the letter."

"What did it say?"

"The letter said that a tall fat man had been watching us yesterday. It was a description of Count Fosco! Anne was too afraid to meet me again and left the letter for me in the boat house to explain."

I saw a bruise on Laura's arm. "Did Sir Percival hurt you?" I asked.

"He held my arm tightly and whispered to me, 'What did Anne Catherick tell you yesterday?' I was afraid. I told him everything, but he didn't believe me. He took me to the house and put me in my room.

" 'You will stay here until you tell me the truth!' he said."

Poor Laura! If only we could leave this house!

*10 o'clock in the evening:* I was in my room getting ready for bed when I heard voices outside in the garden. I went out onto the balcony.

"We must talk about this now!" I heard Sir Percival say.

"Miss Halcombe may hear our conversation," said Count Fosco. "Let's talk in the library."

Now I was very curious. What was it that Fosco didn't want me to hear? For Laura's sake, I had to find out. I turned off my light and climbed out onto the roof. I sat quietly above the library window. Luckily, the window was open and I could hear the men's conversation.



"We owe a lot of money," said Fosco. "We must decide how to get the money, tonight. Do you get any money from your wife now?"

"No, nothing."

"And what if she dies?"

"Then I get 20,000 pounds, and your wife gets 10,000 pounds."

*June 20th, 1850*

*8 o'clock in the morning:* I've been awake all night. I've written down everything I heard in my diary. It started to rain heavily when I was outside on the roof. Now I'm shivering and my head is hot. I can't write any more. Oh no! I mustn't be ill now! Laura needs me!



*"Then I get 20,000 pounds and your wife gets 10,000 pounds."*

CHAPTER 9

MISS HALCOMBE'S ILLNESS

*The story is continued by Eliza Michelson, the housekeeper at Blackwater Park.*

Mr Hartright has asked me to write everything I know about Miss Halcombe's illness, and the events that took place before Lady Glyde left Blackwater Park.

One morning, Miss Halcombe didn't come down to breakfast, so I went to her room to see what was wrong. I found her walking around her room, talking to herself, and she seemed very upset. I touched her face and felt that she had a burning fever.

Lady Glyde came into the room. She was very alarmed to see Miss Halcombe in this state. Lady Glyde helped me put her into bed and Sir Percival called for a doctor. The doctor said that Miss Halcombe's condition was serious and asked me to stay with her all the time. Lady Glyde refused to leave Miss Halcombe's side and sat with us.

The next day, Miss Halcombe was no better. Without telling anyone her reason for leaving, the Countess took the morning train to London. I went to the kitchen to make a cup of tea for Miss Halcombe. When I reached the stairs, I saw Sir Percival and Count Fosco downstairs. They seemed very pleased about something.

"Have you found her?" asked Sir Percival.

The Count smiled, but then he looked up and saw me. "Let's talk in the library," he said. I was curious to know who they were looking for, but it wasn't my place to ask.

That evening, the Countess returned from London and went into the library to talk to her husband, Count Fosco. She must have brought good news from London, because Count Fosco was very happy that evening.

A few days later, Count Fosco went to London for a week. While he was away, Miss Halcombe became much worse. When

the Count returned, he called the doctor, who told us that Miss Halcombe had typhus. As the illness was very infectious, the Count made sure that Lady Glyde was kept away from the room. Lady Glyde was **overcome with** worry and wouldn't eat. She became weak and depressed.



*The doctor told us that Miss Halcombe had typhus.*

A week later, Miss Halcombe began to feel a little better. Sir Percival asked me to take a trip to Torquay, a holiday town in the south-west of England. He told me that it would be good for Lady Glyde and Miss Halcombe to have a holiday by the sea, and that he wanted me to look for a suitable place for them to stay. He arranged for me to leave the next morning and told me

to stay for at least two days. I couldn't understand why I had to stay in Torquay for such a long time, but I did as I was told.

When I returned to Blackwater Park, I was told that Count and Countess Fosco were now living in London. I went to Lady Glyde's room to see if she needed anything. She was still very weak and was very worried about Miss Halcombe. She asked me to go with her to Miss Halcombe's room. When we were in the corridor, we met Sir Percival.

"Where are you going?" he asked Lady Glyde.

"To Marian's room," she answered.

"She isn't there," said Sir Percival. "She left the house yesterday morning with Fosco and his wife."

Lady Glyde turned very pale and fell back against the wall. "That's impossible!" she cried. "She isn't well enough to travel!"

"If you don't believe me, look for yourself!" said Sir Percival.

Lady Glyde went to Miss Halcombe's room, but the room was empty. She went back into the hall.

"What has happened?" she asked Sir Percival.

"Yesterday Miss Halcombe was strong enough to sit up and get dressed. She insisted on going to London with Count Fosco."

"To London!"

"Yes, on her way to Limmeridge. She wanted to return to Limmeridge House."

Lady Glyde turned to me. "You saw Miss Halcombe last," she said. "Did you think she was well enough to travel?"

"No, not in my opinion," I answered.

"Of course she was well enough!" said Sir Percival. "Count Fosco and his wife travelled with her to take care of her."

"Why did Marian leave me here alone?" asked Lady Glyde.

"She's gone to ask your uncle's permission for you both to stay at Limmeridge," replied Sir Percival.

Lady Glyde **burst into tears**. "Why did she leave without saying goodbye?"

Sir Percival turned his back to Laura. "I need a glass of wine!" he said, and went downstairs.

"Something has happened to my sister!" whispered Lady Glyde. "I must follow her. Please stay with me, Mrs Michelson." She held my arm and took me downstairs to the living room.

"Please allow me to take the afternoon train to London," she said to her husband. "I want to follow Marian at once."

"You must wait until tomorrow," Sir Percival replied. "I'll write to Fosco to tell him you're coming."

"Why are you writing to Count Fosco?" Lady Glyde asked, surprised.

"To tell him to meet you at the railway station. You will stay at your aunt's house tomorrow night."

Lady Glyde's hand trembled on my arm. "There is no need for Count Fosco to meet me," she said. "I'm not going to stay in London. I'm going to get the next train to Cumberland."

"You can't travel all the way to Cumberland in one day," shouted Sir Percival. "Don't argue any more or I won't let you go!"

Sir Percival finished his wine, poured another glass and took it onto the verandah.

"I will not sleep in Count Fosco's house tomorrow night!" Lady Glyde exclaimed.

That night, Lady Glyde asked me to sleep in the room next to hers. There was a door open between our rooms. She slept very badly, crying out in her sleep several times. I was very sorry for her.

The next day, Sir Percival came to tell us that the carriage was ready to take Lady Glyde to the station. He told me that I would go with Lady Glyde to the station and then return to Blackwater Park.

Then he turned round quickly and left the room.

I went with Lady Glyde to the station. When she said goodbye to me, she looked afraid. "I wish you were coming with me!" she said. I didn't want to leave her alone, but I had no choice. If only I *had* gone with her.



*I didn't want to leave her alone, but I had no choice.*

When I returned to Blackwater Park, I saw Sir Percival going into an old part of the house.

"Come with me, Mrs Michelson," he said. "I need you to take care of Miss Halcombe."

I was very surprised. "I thought Miss Halcombe went to Cumberland!" I said.

Sir Percival **burst out laughing**. "Follow me. I'll show you where she is."

When I went into the room, Miss Halcombe was asleep. The room was dark and dismal, but it was clean and Miss Halcombe looked comfortable. At that moment I was afraid for Lady Glyde. What would happen when she discovered that Miss Halcombe wasn't in Cumberland?

I couldn't continue to work for Sir Percival after the cruel **trick** he had played on Lady Glyde. I decided to leave Blackwater Park as soon as Miss Halcombe felt better.

I have been asked the exact date that Lady Glyde left Blackwater Park. Unfortunately, I can't remember, although I know it is important information.

### CHAPTER 10

### A DEATH

*The story is continued by Hester Pinhorn, Count Fosco's cook.*

I started to work for Count Fosco in July. The servants were told that Countess Fosco's niece, Lady Laura Glyde, would be coming to stay and that she was ill.

When Count Fosco brought Lady Glyde to the house, she looked very ill indeed. Soon afterwards, Countess Fosco called for help and I ran upstairs with the maid. Lady Glyde was lying on the sofa and her face was white. I ran to get the doctor, who came quickly and listened to Lady Glyde's heart. "It's very serious," he said. "There's nothing I can do to help her." Countess Fosco sat with her all night and in the morning she seemed a little better. She was calling out someone's name, but I couldn't hear whose name it was.

Count Fosco, who seemed pleased with Lady Glyde's **improvement**, put on his hat and went out for a walk. Soon after he had left, Countess Fosco ran out from the bedroom. "Go quickly for the doctor!" she called. At that moment, the doctor knocked on the door. I took him upstairs to Lady Glyde and he put his hand on her heart.



"She isn't dead, is she?" Countess Fosco asked the doctor.

"Yes," said the doctor quietly.

"Dead! Dead so soon! What will the Count say?" the Countess whispered and left the room.

"Please tell Count Fosco that I'll register the death," the doctor said to me. "Good day."

The Count seemed very worried about the death. Countess Fosco made all the arrangements for the funeral. Lady Glyde was to be buried in Cumberland, next to her mother.

## CHAPTER 11

## WALTER HARTRIGHT'S RETURN

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*Walter Hartright continues the story.*

I came back from Central America a changed man. Many of my companions were killed by disease, by Indians or by **drowning**. I arrived in England on 13th October, 1850. I had left England to forget Laura Fairlie, but she was still in my thoughts when I returned.

I went first to my mother's house to tell her that I'd arrived back safely. After an emotional reunion, I could see that my mother had some bad news for me. She knew why I had left England; I had no secrets from her. She also knew that I was waiting for news of Laura.

"Walter," she whispered sadly, "I'm so sorry for you. Laura Fairlie – Lady Glyde – is dead."

My head fell on her shoulders. I had never stopped loving Laura, and now she was dead.

Three days later I took the train to Cumberland to visit Laura's grave. I went to the cemetery where I had seen Mrs Fairlie's grave, and I saw the white cross that was now at the head of both the mother's and the daughter's graves. I read the black letters on the new stone.

*In memory of Laura, Lady Glyde, wife of Sir Percival Glyde.  
Born, March 27th, 1829; died, July 25th, 1850.*

I knelt down and laid my head on the white stone. "Oh Laura! Laura!" I cried.

I heard footsteps and looked up. I saw two women looking at me. As they came closer, I saw Marian Halcombe's face. The woman next to her was wearing a veil. The second woman came slowly towards me, stood opposite me at the other side of the grave and lifted her veil – Lady Laura Glyde was looking at me over the grave.



*The second woman came slowly towards me and lifted her veil.*

CHAPTER 12

LAURA AND MARIAN'S STORY

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*Walter Hartright continues the story.*

I will now tell Laura and Marian's story.

Laura couldn't remember the exact day she left Blackwater Park. When she arrived at the station in London, Count Fosco was waiting for her. They drove in a carriage to a small house and went upstairs to a back room. The Count told Laura that Marian was in the house, but that she wasn't well enough to see her sister. This news upset Laura. She **felt faint** and asked for a glass of water, but the water tasted **bitter** and made her feel very light-headed. The next thing Laura remembered was waking up in a strange place, surrounded by women she didn't know.

She soon realised that she was in an asylum and that the nurses called her Anne Catherick. She then saw that she was wearing Anne's white clothes. She tried to tell the nurses who she really was, but they didn't believe her.

A few days after Laura had left Blackwater Park, a letter arrived there from Countess Fosco, announcing Laura's death. Mrs Michelson broke the news to Marian, who took it very badly. Three weeks later, when she had recovered from her illness, Marian insisted on travelling to Cumberland to visit her sister's grave. She went to Limmeridge House to ask Mr Fairlie what he knew about Laura's death. He told her that he knew very little and that Laura's husband, Sir Percival, was now living in France. He showed her a letter he had received from Count Fosco.

The letter didn't contain any details about Laura's death, but there was a paragraph about Anne Catherick, which said that Anne Catherick had been found and had been sent back to the asylum. Count Fosco warned Mr Fairlie that Anne Catherick had become completely mad. He said that she now believed that she was Lady Laura Glyde, and might annoy members of the family with letters from the asylum. As Marian was very curious

about Anne Catherick, she decided to visit her in the asylum to find out why she was pretending to be Laura.

Marian had made a note in her diary about the place where I had first met Anne in London. She knew that the asylum was nearby and on the 11th October, she visited it. The director told her that Count Fosco had brought Anne Catherick to the asylum on the 27th of July. He had noticed slight changes in Anne's appearance and personality, but he had seen such changes in mentally ill people before.

A nurse took Marian outside and pointed to a woman walking with another nurse. "That's Anne Catherick," she said.

The woman saw Marian and stopped. She pushed the nurse's hand away and ran into Marian's arms. At that moment, Marian recognised her sister Laura – she was alive!



*The woman pushed the nurse's hand away and ran into Marian's arms.*

It took Marian some time to recover from the shock, but she then realised that she must quickly think of a plan to get Laura out of the asylum. She told the nurse that a terrible mistake had been made and that the woman with her was her sister, *not* Anne Catherick. She said that she would pay the nurse four hundred pounds to help her take her sister away from the asylum. At first the nurse refused, but Marian assured her that she would be doing a good **deed** by helping them.

"Very well, I'll do it," said the nurse.

The next morning, Marian waited, hidden behind the wall of the asylum. The nurse dressed Laura in her own clothes and brought her round the corner of the wall. Marian gave the nurse the four hundred pounds and left quickly with Laura. The sisters took the afternoon train to Cumberland.

At Limmeridge, Marian went to Mr Fairlie's room and told him what had happened. Mr Fairlie was furious with Marian.

"Anne Catherick looks so much like Laura that she **has fooled you**. You believe a mad woman!" he shouted.

Marian brought Laura into the room.

"Get that woman out of my house or I'll call the police!" shouted Mr Fairlie. "I've never seen her before in my life! She doesn't look like Laura at all!"

Laura's stay in the asylum had changed her. Even the servants in the house where she was born didn't recognise her. The problem was more serious than Marian had thought.

Marian knew that Count Fosco would be looking for Laura and that they had to leave Cumberland as soon as possible. When they passed the hill above the graveyard, Laura insisted on visiting her mother's grave one last time.

I am thankful for that decision; that is when I saw Laura again.

CHAPTER 13

IN SEARCH OF THE TRUTH

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*The story is continued by Walter Hartright.*

I am renting two floors above a shop. I live on the top floor; Laura and Marian live on the floor below. I am selling my drawings to pay the rent. The world thinks that Laura, Lady Glyde, is dead and for the time being, we must let them believe that she is. I intend to prove that Laura is Lady Glyde, the victim of a terrible fraud. I believe that it was Anne Catherick who died in Fosco's house, and that the death was registered in the name of Lady Glyde. Count Fosco took Laura to the asylum, where she was, and still is, believed to be Anne Catherick. Sir Percival and Countess Fosco, who were to inherit Laura's money after her death, have received 30,000 pounds by this fraud.

Marian and I started to gather information that would help us prove that the fraud had taken place. Marian wrote to Mrs Michelson, the housekeeper at Blackwater Park. She asked her to write down everything she remembered about the events that took place before Laura left Blackwater Park. I also arranged a meeting with Mrs Pinhorn, the cook at Count Fosco's home. She told me everything she knew about the death of the person who she believed to be Lady Glyde.

I then went to see Mr Gilmore. He was very surprised when I told him Laura's story.

"I believe everything you've told me, but you haven't got any proof," he said. "Lady Glyde's aunt saw her die and the doctor signed her death certificate. Mr Fairlie insists that she is dead, even after seeing the person you say is Lady Glyde. I'm sorry, Mr Hartright, I can't help you."

"How can I get proof?" I asked.

"You must prove that Lady Glyde arrived in London after the date written on her death certificate."

"Neither Lady Glyde nor the servants remember the date," I said. "Only Sir Percival and Count Fosco know it."

"They will never help you," laughed Mr Gilmore.

"I will force them to confess it," I said. "Sir Percival has a secret. If I find out what that secret is, I can use it to force him to confess. Do you know if Sir Percival is still in France?"

"His solicitor told me that he has returned to London," said Mr Gilmore.

He gave me a letter. "This letter arrived a few days ago for Miss Halcombe. Please will you give it to her?"

"Of course," I said. I thanked Mr Gilmore and shook his hand.

When I left Mr Gilmore's office, I saw a man standing at the corner of the street. He looked at me, then started to follow me as I walked down the street. Sir Percival knew that Marian would ask Mr Gilmore for help. He may have sent someone to watch Mr Gilmore's office. I walked faster and turned into a side street, but the man turned into the street, too.



*When I left Mr Gilmore's office, I saw a man standing at the corner.*



I walked quickly into the main street and stopped a cab. I jumped in and told the driver to go quickly to Hyde Park. We crossed Hyde Park and when I was sure that nobody was following me, I got out of the cab and turned towards home.

When I got back, Laura was resting in her room. Marian opened the letter Mr Gilmore had given me. "It's from Count Fosco," she said and read me the letter.

*Dear Miss Halcombe,*

*I admire you very much. You are a clever woman, but be sensible! Tell your friend, Mr Hartright, not to do anything he will regret.*

"He's frightened," I said. "That's good. I'm going to find out Sir Percival's secret and then I will force him to confess."

"Laura told me that Anne Catherick's mother knows the secret," Marian said.

"Then I'll go and visit Anne's good friend, Mrs Wesley, and find out what she knows about Mrs Catherick."

"Mrs Wesley stayed with friends when she was in Cumberland," said Marian. "I know the family. I'll write and ask them for Mrs Wesley's address."

After the reply came with Mrs Wesley's address, I went to visit her. At first, she didn't remember me, but when I reminded her that we had met in the graveyard in Cumberland and that I had helped Anne escape from the asylum, Mrs Wesley took me into the living room.

"Do you know where Anne is?" she asked anxiously. "I'm very worried about her. She has a weak heart and the doctor says she doesn't have long to live."

I couldn't tell her the truth yet. I could only tell her that I was afraid that something terrible had happened and that I would let her know more as soon as I could.

Mrs Wesley told me that she had taken Anne to Blackwater Park to speak to Lady Glyde. The next day Anne gave Mrs

Wesley a letter to take to Blackwater Park. She met a tall fat man (Count Fosco) who told her he was Lady Glyde's friend. He was very kind and offered to give the letter to Lady Glyde himself. She gave him Anne's letter and told him that Anne was very ill and didn't have long to live.

"Can you tell me about Anne's mother?" I said. "Did you know her well?"

"Yes, I lived next door to Mrs Catherick and her husband in the village of Remington for many years," Mrs Wesley replied. "Mr Catherick was the **clerk** at the church and everyone liked him, but he wasn't Anne's real father. No one knows who Anne's father was.

"One day, Sir Percival, whose parents were from Remington, arrived in the village. Mrs Catherick started to meet him in secret and he gave her gifts. Mr Catherick found the gifts and became suspicious. One day, he saw Sir Percival and his wife whispering outside the church. Furious, he packed his things and left the village for ever."

"Does Anne look like Sir Percival?" I asked.

"No, not at all. Nor does she look much like her mother."

"How did you become so close to Anne?"

"Mrs Catherick is a cold-hearted woman and spent very little time with her daughter, whom she seemed to hate. As Anne spent most of her time in my house, I was more of a mother to her than Mrs Catherick was."

"Has Mrs Catherick always lived in the village?" I asked.

"No, before she came to Remington, she was a servant at the home of Major Donthorne."

I wrote down Major Donthorne's name and address.

"Do you know why Sir Percival put Anne in an asylum?" I asked.

"I only know what Anne told me. Her mother knew that Sir Percival had a secret and had told Anne about it. When Sir Percival found out that Anne knew, he put her in an asylum."

Mrs Wesley told me Mrs Catherick's address. "Are you sure you don't know where Anne is?" she asked.

"I don't think we will see Anne alive again," I replied, quietly. "I can't tell you how I know, but I promise I will soon."

## CHAPTER 14

## THE SECRET

*The story is continued by Walter Hartright.*

I wrote to Major Donthorne, asking him about Mrs Catherick. I told him that I was a friend of the Fairlie family, of Limmeridge House, Cumberland, and that the information he gave me would help them.

Major Donthorne wrote back.

*Dear Mr Hartright,*

*I would be happy to help the Fairlie family. Philip Fairlie was a good friend of mine and stayed with me from August to October, 1826. Mrs Catherick was a servant in my home at the same time. I'm afraid I don't remember much about her.*

I suddenly stopped reading. Anne Catherick was born in June, 1827, nine months after Philip Fairlie stayed with Major Donthorne. Was it possible that Philip Fairlie was Anne's father? That would explain why Anne Catherick and Laura looked so much alike. They were sisters!

I took the afternoon train to Remington to speak to Mrs Catherick. I arrived at her house and a servant took me to the living room.

"I have come to speak to you about Sir Percival," I said.

"Why are you interested in Sir Percival?" Mrs Catherick asked coldly.

"Sir Percival has harmed a good friend of mine," I replied. "I want Sir Percival to be punished, and you know something about his past that can help me."

"I won't help you!" Mrs Catherick said angrily.

"Are you afraid of Sir Percival?" I asked, but she didn't answer.

"Sir Percival is a very powerful man," I said. "He's a Baronet. He comes from a great family . . ."

Mrs Catherick suddenly burst out laughing "Yes, a Baronet – from a great family – especially on the *mother's* side!"

I was curious to know what Mrs Catherick meant by that, but I didn't ask her.

Mrs Catherick stood up and pointed to the door. "Now, please leave my house! There's nothing more to say!" she shouted.

I left the house. As I walked along the street, I heard footsteps behind me. I looked round and saw a man in a black coat. I suddenly realised that I had seen him before. He was the man who had followed me in London.

As I passed the church, I decided to go inside, and while I was sitting there, I thought about my conversation with Mrs Catherick. She had laughed when I had mentioned Sir Percival's great family. 'Especially on the mother's side,' she had said. I decided to look at the register of marriages that was kept in the church, to see what was written about Sir Percival's mother. I went into the room at the back of the church where the clerk was sitting and asked to see the register of marriages. He took some keys, unlocked a strong wooden door and then unlocked a cupboard.

"Which year do you want to look at, sir?" he asked.

I calculated the year Sir Percival was born and decided to start looking **backwards from** that date. The clerk took out a big book and watched me search through the list of entries. I reached the year 1803 and I found an entry under the month of July. The entry was in a very small space at the bottom of the page and the writing was smaller than the rest. It looked strange, as if it had been added later and made smaller **to fit** into the space.



*My suspicion was correct.*

"Is there a copy of these entries anywhere?" I asked.

"Yes, I keep copies of all the entries since 1800 in my house. Here's the address. My son will be at home."

When I got to the clerk's house, I asked his son for the register dated 1800 to 1810. I opened the book and turned to the entries for July, 1803. The entry about the marriage of Sir Percival's parents wasn't there. My suspicion was correct. The entry in the original register was added later. It was a **forgery**.

Sir Percival had forged the registration of his parents'

marriage and Mrs Catherick had helped him. She had taken the keys from her husband and helped Sir Percival get into the room where the register was kept. I now knew that Sir Percival's parents weren't married, which meant that he couldn't be a Baronet. I had finally discovered his secret.

It was now dark outside. I had to go back to the church to take the evidence from the register. I walked back to the church to look for the clerk. As I approached, I saw the clerk running towards me, calling for help.

"The church is on fire!" he shouted in panic.

"Calm down!" I said. "What happened?"

"I noticed my keys were missing and went back to look for them. I heard someone inside the back room. He was turning the key in the lock of the door, trying to open it. 'Let me out!' he shouted. 'The room's on fire!' He had locked the door from the inside. There was nothing I could do to help him."

We ran to the church. Flames were rising from the roof and I heard a man's voice inside screaming for help. The man who had been following me was standing outside looking helpless.

"Oh, my God!" he said. "Sir Percival's in there! He came with me to Remington and I told him you'd been searching for something in the church. His lantern must have set the church on fire."

I asked the man to help me. We ran into the church and tried to break down the door with a wooden bench, but the door was too heavy. The screams inside the room stopped.

"It's too late!" cried the clerk. "He's dead for sure!"

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## CHAPTER 15

## COUNT FOSCO

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*The story is continued by Walter Hartright.*

Sir Percival was dead and there was now little hope of proving Laura's real identity – unless I could make Count Fosco confess, but how?

Months passed. Laura was recovering well from her experience in the asylum. She began to laugh again and the colour came back to her cheeks. I loved her more than ever, and I could see that she loved me. Finally, I could ask Laura to marry me.

She put her arms around me. "We can admit we love each other now," she said. "Oh, I'm so happy at last!"

Ten days later, we were married.

I decided to investigate Count Fosco's past. Marian told me everything she knew. The Count hadn't returned to Italy for many years, yet he received many letters in official envelopes from that country. Could he be a spy? I wondered who I could ask for information about the Count's past. Then I thought of my Italian friend, Professor Pesca. Perhaps he could help me.

I asked Pesca to come with me to Count Fosco's home to find out whether he had seen Count Fosco before. He was happy to help me. Marian had told me that Count Fosco liked to take a walk early in the morning. Pesca and I waited outside Fosco's house for him to appear. I knew from Marian's description what he looked like, but Count Fosco had never seen me before, so I knew that he wouldn't recognise me. After about an hour, Count Fosco opened the front door and came out.

"Do you know that man?" I asked Pesca.

"No, I've never seen him before," Pesca replied.

Just then, Count Fosco turned his head towards us and saw Pesca looking at him. Terror suddenly appeared on his face. He opened the gate, crossed the road and quickly turned round a corner into a side street.

"Why is Count Fosco so afraid of you?" I asked Pesca.

"I have no idea!" said Pesca. "I don't know the man."

"He knows you. He left quickly to escape you. There must be a reason for that."

Pesca's face became white.

"If you know something, please tell me," I said. "For my wife's sake!"

Pesca was silent for a moment. "You saved my life once and I promised to repay you one day," he finally said. "I'll tell you about myself, but you must keep everything I tell you a secret."

We went to Pesca's flat to talk privately.

"I am the secretary of a political society in Italy," said Pesca. "The society is against the Italian government and fights for the rights of the people. All the members of the society have a secret mark on their arm."



*"Why is Count Fosco so afraid of you?" I asked Pesca.*



Pesca pulled up his left sleeve and showed me a red mark on his arm. "If one of the members **betrays** the society, he is killed," he continued. "I don't know the man I saw in the street, but the secretary of the society is known to all the members. If this man was a member of the society, and has done something to betray it, he is in great danger. He knows that if I recognise him, I will have to kill him."

"Thank you for telling me this, Pesca," I said. "You're a true friend."

Now it was time to introduce myself to Fosco. I could use what I knew to force him to confess his crime against Laura.

### CHAPTER 16

### THE NOTE

*The story is continued by Walter Hartright.*

I asked Pesca to write a note that I could use to frighten Fosco and he wrote the following:

*Dear Walter,*

*As the secretary of the society, it is my duty to kill Fosco. However, you saved my life once and I will do anything to help you. I will let Fosco live if he does what you tell him. I will wait until 6 o'clock in the morning, but if I haven't heard from you by then, I will kill Fosco.*

*Pesca*

I put the note in my pocket and went to Fosco's house. A servant opened the door.

"My name is Walter Hartright," I said. "Please tell Count Fosco that I would like to speak to him."

The servant came back a few minutes later and took me into the living room. Fosco was busy packing papers and books away in boxes.

"Are you going on a journey?" I asked.

Fosco didn't answer. He locked the door behind me and put

the key in a drawer in his desk. He kept his hand in the open drawer.

"I don't know why you came here, Mr Hartright," he said. "I don't think you understand the danger you're in."

"*You're* in danger, Fosco," I said. "That's why you're leaving London, isn't it? You have a red mark on your left arm."

Fosco was afraid. He took a handkerchief out of his pocket and wiped his forehead. With his other hand, he reached for something in the drawer. I heard the sound of metal.

"You won't leave this house alive," he said.

"Before you kill me, read the note that I received from a friend, an hour ago," I said.



*"Before you kill me, read the note that I received from  
a friend, an hour ago."*

Fosco read Pesca's note and his face turned white. He took his hand out of the drawer.

"What do you want?" he asked.

"I want two things," I said. "Firstly, I want you to confess that the woman you put in the asylum was Lady Laura Glyde and that the woman lying in the grave next to Mrs Fairlie is Anne Catherick, *not* Lady Glyde, who is now my wife. Secondly, I want proof of the date that my wife left Blackwater Park."

"I'll write the confession and I'll give you the proof you ask for, on one condition," Fosco said. "After I have done what you ask, write a letter to your friend, telling him that all is well. My servant will take it to him."

I agreed.

"My wife and I are leaving England in the morning," Fosco said. "You'll have no time to come after me." He picked up a pen and some paper.

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## CHAPTER 17

## THE CONFESSION

---

*Walter Hartright continues the story.*

At 4 o'clock in the morning, Fosco finished writing. I read his confession:

*I was staying with my friend, Sir Percival Glyde, at his home at Blackwater Park. Sir Percival and I owed a lot of money. Lady Glyde refused to sign a document agreeing to pay our debts out of her own money. As Lady Glyde wouldn't help her husband, I thought of a plan to get her money. Sir Percival agreed to the plan and, with the help of my dear wife, the following events took place:*

*1. My wife, Eleanor Fosco, followed Anne Catherick and Mrs Wesley to London and found out where they lived.*

2. *My wife and I moved Miss Halcombe, who was ill, to an old part of the house and brought a nurse to take care of her. Miss Halcombe was kept hidden there from Lady Laura Glyde.*

3. *My wife and I moved to our house in London.*

4. *I sent an anonymous message to Anne Catherick, telling her that Lady Glyde wanted to meet her, and I gave her my address. When Anne arrived at my house and discovered that she had been tricked, she became very ill. My wife and I told the servants and the doctor who saw Anne that she was Lady Glyde. She died the next morning on July 25th.*

5. *Sir Percival tricked Lady Glyde into taking the train to London, by telling her that her sister had gone to Limmeridge. As there isn't a direct train to Limmeridge, Lady Glyde would have to go to London first.*

6. *I met Lady Glyde at the station in London and told her Marian was still staying with me. I drugged her and took her to the asylum, where I told them that she was Anne Catherick.*

7. *My wife and I wrote to Mr Fairlie and Miss Halcombe, telling them that Lady Glyde was dead.*

8. *My wife, Eleanor, and Sir Percival inherited Lady Glyde's money, which we used to pay back the money we owed.*

*Count Fosco*

Satisfied that the confession was complete, I folded it up and put it in my pocket. Next, Fosco gave me a letter he had received from Sir Percival. The letter informed Fosco of the date of Lady Glyde's journey to London – July 26th. According to Lady Glyde's death certificate, she died in London on July 25th. I now had proof that Laura was still alive. She didn't arrive in London until July 26th and therefore was still alive on July 25th.

As Fosco had requested, I wrote a letter to Pesca, telling him that Fosco had given me what I wanted, and I gave the letter to Fosco's servant.

"Now leave my house before I change my mind and shoot you!" shouted Fosco, who was quickly packing some papers into a suitcase.

I left, annoyed that Fosco would go unpunished for his crimes but happy that I had his confession. Although Fosco and Sir Percival had used all Laura's money, she would now be able to live without the fear of being captured and sent back to the asylum. Now everyone would know that Laura was alive. I went back quickly to our flat to tell Laura and Marian the good news.

Mr Gilmore came with us to Limmeridge to tell Mr Fairlie about the fraud against his niece. Mr Fairlie complained that the news was too much for his nerves and asked us to leave his room so that he could recover.

An announcement was made to the servants and to the people in the village that Laura was alive. Now that Laura had recovered from the events of the past year, she looked herself again. Everyone was amazed to see her. People **cheered** and came up to her to shake her hand and **wish her well**. I visited the new grave next to Mrs Fairlie's and asked the stone cutter to erase Laura's name from the grave. He then **engraved** the following words:

*Anne Catherick, July 25th, 1850.*

After this had been done, we returned to London to enjoy our new freedom. Marian came to live with us, too.

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## CHAPTER 18

## EPILOGUE

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*Walter Hartright continues the story.*

A few months later, I received a note from Pesca telling me that Fosco was dead. The Italian society had found him in Paris and had killed him.

In February 1852, our first child, little Walter, was born. When Walter was six months old, I went to Ireland for two weeks to do some sketches for a newspaper. When I returned

home, I found a note from Laura telling me that she and Marian had gone to Limmeridge with little Walter and that I should join them there as soon as possible. When I arrived, Laura and Marian were both upstairs in the room where I had stayed three years before. Little Walter was sitting on Marian's knee, and Laura was standing next to the table, holding a book of drawings I had given her during our happy days together at Limmeridge.

"What are you doing here?" I asked. "Does Mr Fairlie know . . .?"

"Mr Fairlie is dead," interrupted Marian. "Mr Gilmore wrote to us and asked us to come immediately to Limmeridge House." She held up little Walter. "Do you know who this is?" she laughed.

"Of course I know my own child," I said.

"This isn't an ordinary child!" she exclaimed. "This is Mr Walter Hartright, the heir of Limmeridge."

So our story ends. The terrible events of the past years are over, and our new life at Limmeridge House begins.



*Our new life at Limmeridge House begins.*

## Questions on the Text

### Chapter 1

1. Why did Professor Pesca want to help Walter?
2. Describe the woman that Walter met on his way home.
3. What did the woman in white tell Walter that surprised him?

### Chapter 2

1. Who is Frederick Fairlie? Describe him.
2. How are Marian Halcombe and Laura Fairlie related?
3. Who is the woman in white?
4. How does Walter find out that the woman in white is called Anne Catherick?
5. Why did Walter have a strange feeling when he saw Laura Fairlie pass the window?

### Chapter 3

1. Why did Walter have to leave Limmeridge House?
2. Who did Miss Halcombe think the man in the dream was and why?
3. Walter thought that Anne Catherick had written the letter. Why did he think this?

### Chapter 4

1. How did the woman next to the grave react when she saw Walter?
2. Why did Walter believe Sir Percival had done something to harm Anne Catherick?

### **Chapter 5**

1. Why did Mr Gilmore go to Limmeridge House?
2. How did Laura Fairlie greet Sir Percival when he arrived at Limmeridge House?
3. What reason did Sir Percival give for putting Anne Catherick in an asylum?
4. Why did Laura's aunt, Eleanor Fosco, refuse to speak to her?
5. Why was Mr Gilmore worried about Laura's marriage to Sir Percival?

### **Chapter 6**

1. Why is Laura going to marry Sir Percival if she doesn't love him?
2. Where are Laura and Sir Percival going after the wedding and who are they going to visit?

### **Chapter 7**

1. How had Laura changed when she returned from Europe?
2. Why did Laura refuse to sign the document?
3. Why did Sir Percival want his wife to sign the document?

### **Chapter 8**

1. Why did Anne Catherick leave the boat house so quickly after she met Laura there?
2. Who will get Laura's money if she dies?



### **Chapter 9**

1. Why wasn't Laura allowed to go to Miss Halcombe's room?
2. What happened to Laura after she found out that her sister had typhus?
3. What reason did Sir Percival give for Miss Halcombe's disappearance?
4. Where was Miss Halcombe when Laura left Blackwater Park?

### **Chapter 10**

1. What were Count Fosco's servants told about the visitor that would arrive?
2. What happened to Lady Glyde after Count Fosco went out for a walk?

### **Chapter 11**

1. Why did Walter travel to Cumberland again?
2. When did Walter realise that Laura wasn't dead?

### **Chapter 12**

1. Why did Miss Halcombe go to the asylum in London?
2. How did Miss Halcombe get her sister out of the asylum?
3. Why didn't anybody at Limmeridge House recognise Laura?

### **Chapter 13**

1. What does Walter have to do to prove that Laura is still alive?
2. Why is Mrs Wesley worried about Anne Catherick?
3. What did Mrs Wesley tell Count Fosco when she met him at Blackwater Park?

### **Chapter 14**

1. Who does Walter think Anne Catherick's father was?
2. Why did Walter suspect that the entry about the marriage was added later?
3. Why did Sir Percival go into the church?

### **Chapter 15**

1. Why was Count Fosco afraid of Pesca?
2. What mark did members of the political society have?

### **Chapter 16**

1. In which three ways did Count Fosco show that he was afraid?

### **Chapter 17**

1. What did Count Fosco give Walter?
2. Who really died on 25th July in Count Fosco's house?
3. How did Count Fosco get Anne Catherick to come to the house?
4. What did Mr Fairlie do when he was told the truth about his niece?

### **Chapter 18**

1. Why did Laura and Miss Halcombe go to Limmeridge House?

## GLOSSARY

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English	Castellano	Català
<b>a short temper</b>	mal genio	mal geni
<b>accurate</b>	exacta	exacta
<b>agree to</b>	estar de acuerdo con	estar d'acord amb
<b>amazed at</b>	sorprendido por	sorprès per
<b>annoy</b>	disgustar	disgustar
<b>argued</b>	discutió	va discutir
<b>at the request of</b>	por mandato de	per petició de
<b>backwards from</b>	hacia atrás desde	cap enrere des de
<b>beat</b>	latió	va bategar
<b>bent over</b>	se inclinó sobre	es va inclinar sobre
<b>betrays</b>	traiciona a	traiciona a
<b>bitter</b>	amarga	amargant
<b>blind with crying</b>	cegada por las lágrimas	encegada per les llàgrimes
<b>buried</b>	enterrada	enterrada
<b>hurst into tears</b>	rompió a llorar	va rompre a plorar
<b>burst out laughing</b>	se echó a reír	es va posar a riure
<b>by drowning</b>	ahogados	ofegats
<b>cab</b>	taxi	taxi
<b>charming</b>	encantador	encantador
<b>cheered</b>	se alegraba	s'alegrava
<b>claims</b>	sostiene, afirma	sosté, afirma
<b>clerk</b>	encargado del registro	encarregat del registre

## GLOSSARY

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English	Euskara	Galego
a short temper	jenio txar	mal xenio
accurate	zehatz	exacta
agree to	-(r)ekin ados egon	estar de acordo con
amazed at	harriturik	abraiado por
annoy	gaitzitu	desgustar
argued	eztabaidatu zuen	discutiú, rifou
at the request of	-(r)en eskariz	por mandato de
backwards from	-tik atzerantz	cara atrás desde
beat	pilpiratu zen	latexou
bent over	-(r)en gainean makurtu zen	inclinouse sobre
betrays	salatzen (ba)du	traizoa a
bitter	mingots	amarga
blind with crying	negarrak itsuturik	cegada polas bágoas
buried	ehortzia	soterrada
burst into tears	negar-zotinka hasi zen	rompeu a chorar
burst out laughing	barrez lehertzen hasi zen	botou a rir
by drowning	itota	afogados
cab	taxi	taxi
charming	xarmangarri	cativador
cheered	pozten zen	aledábase
claims	baieztatzen du	sostén, afirma
clerk	errejistrozain	encargado do rexistro

English	Castellano	Català
concerned	preocupado	preocupat
cry out in fear	gritando de miedo	crident de por
deed	acción	acció
engraved	grabó	va gravar
felt faint	se mareó	es va marejar
fond of	encariñarse con	estar-ne molt de
for Laura Fairlie's sake	por el bien de Laura Fairlie	pel bé de la Laura Fairlie
forgery	falsificación	falsificació
grave	tumba	tomba
graveyard	cementerio	cementiri
hardly	apenas	amb prou feines
harms	hace daño	fa mal
has fooled you	le ha engañado	l'ha enganyat
has forgiven	ha perdonado a	ha perdonat
hatred	odio	odi
I hid	me oculté	em vaig amagar
 I wish	 ojalá, me gustaría	 tant de bo, m'agradaria
if only I could	ojalá pudiera	tan de bo pogués
improvement	mejoría	millora
in debt to	en deuda con	en deute amb
inheritance	herencia	herència
is applying for a loan	está solicitando un préstamo	està sol·licitant un préstec
it was over!	¡era el final!, ¡se terminó!	era la fi!, es va acabar!

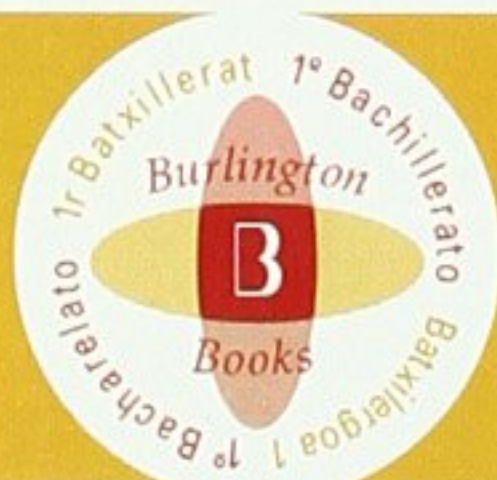
English	Euskara	Galego
concerned	kezkaturik	preocupado
cry out in fear	beldurrez garrasika	berrando polo medo
deed	ekintza, egintza	acción
engraved	grabatu zituen	gravou
felt faint	zorabiatu zen	mareouse
fond of	-z zaletu	encariñarse con
for Laura Fairlie's sake	Laura Fairlieren onerako	polo ben de Laura Fairlie
forgery	faltsutze	falsificación
grave	hilobi	tumba
graveyard	hilerri	cemiterio
hardly	nekez, ozta-ozta	a penas
harms	kalte egiten (ba)dio	fai dano
has fooled you	ziria sartu dizu	enganouno
has forgiven	barkatu dio	perdoou a
hatred	gorroto	odio
I hid	ezkutatu nintzen	agacheime, acocheime
I wish	nahi nuke	oxalá, gustaríame
if only I could	ahalko banu!	oxalá puidese
improvement	oneratze	melloría
in debt to	-(r)ekin zorretan	en débada con
inheritance	jaraunspen	herdanza
is applying for a loan	mailegua eskatzen ari da	está a solicitar un empréstito
it was over!	bukatu zen!, akabo!	¡era o fin!, ¡acabouse!

English	Castellano	Català
<b>leaned forward</b>	se inclinó hacia adelante	es va inclinar endavant
<b>likely to die</b>	probable que muera	probable que mori
<b>maid</b>	doncella	donzella
<b>marriage settlement</b>	acuerdo prematrimonial	acord prematrimonial
<b>mentally disturbed</b>	perturbada	pertorbada
<b>overcome with</b>	abrumada de	aclaparada
<b>owes</b>	debe	deu
<b>reached out</b>	se asomó	es va abocar
<b>realised</b>	me di cuenta	em vaig adonar
<b>refused</b>	negado	negat
<b>remind</b>	se acuerde	s'enrecordi
<b>resemblance</b>	parecido	semblança
<b>solicitor</b>	abogado	advocat
<b>startled</b>	sobresaltado	sobtat
<b>to fit</b>	para caber	per a que càpiga
<b>trick</b>	truco, engaño	truc, engany
<b>uncover</b>	descubrir	descobrir
<b>warned</b>	advertí	vaig advertir
<b>was wrong</b>	fue un error, estuvo mal	va ser un error
<b>whether</b>	si	si
<b>wicked</b>	malvado	malvat
<b>will</b>	testamento	testament
<b>will regret</b>	lamentará	lamentarà
<b>wish her well</b>	desearle lo mejor	desitjar-li el millor

English	Euskara	Galego
leaned forward	aurrerantz makurtu zen	inclinouse cara adiante
likely to die	litekeena hiltzea	probable que morra
maid	neskame	doncela
marriage settlement	ezkontzeko hitzarmen	acordo prematrimonial
mentally disturbed	burutik nahasturiko	perturbada
overcome with	-z gainezka	abafada por
owes	zor du	debe
reached out	kanporantz agertu zen	asomouse
realised	konturatu nintzen	decateime
refused	uko egin	negado
remind	gogora(tu)	lembre
resemblance	antz	semellante
solicitor	abokatu	avogado
startled	ikaraturik	sobresaltado
to fit	kabitzeko	para caber
trick	amarru, azpijoko	truco, engano
uncover	agerian utzi	descubrir
warned	ohartarazi nuen	advertín, avisei
was wrong	okerra izan zen	foi un erro, estivo mal
whether	ea ....-nentz	se
wicked	gaizto	malvado
will	hilburuko	testamento
will regret	damutuko zaio	lamentará
wish her well	zoriona opa	desexarlle o mellor



Walter Hartright is going to teach art in  
 Cumberland in the North of England,  
 but shortly before he leaves London,  
 he has a strange meeting with a  
 mysterious woman dressed all in white.  
 He meets her again in Cumberland and  
 when he tries to find out the truth  
 about her, he discovers a mystery of  
 intrigue and kidnapping.



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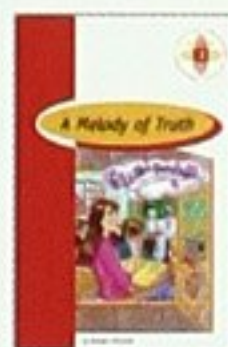


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